

# SUNSHINE AND SHADOW OF CHILD LIFE

## SEVEN RUNAWAYS LOCKED IN A CAR.

Stole a Ride to View the Scenery, but Trainmen Played a Joke.

Boys Were Prisoners in a Dark Box Car for a Day Without Food.

Cut Their Way Out at Last and Headed Homeward, Trudging the Last Eight Miles.

WOEFUL TALE OF HARD LUCK.

Police Kept a Watch on the Lads When They Returned, but the Whole Flock Couldn't Have Made Them Try It Again.

The seven boys who ran away from their homes in Jersey City Tuesday morning at their breakfast at home yesterday. The majority, however, did not sit at the family table. Because of the prevailing form of parental discipline in Jersey City they preferred to stand up.

According to the sad tale told by the boys, they had the hardest luck in the experience of young America. After boarding a Jersey Central train from the crossing they were shifted to the Lehigh Valley freight yards. Ralph Benedict, the leader, an adventurous lad of fourteen years, whose mother is in Germany to claim a fortune of \$75,000, then gave the order to change cars, and the seven youngsters climbed into an open box car of the Lehigh Valley line. It was then just breaking day.

There was Charles French, just as high as a potato barrel, dressed in a neat knickerbocker suit and happy as on a birthday; Willie Kelly, a fourteen-year-old lad called Moke, who wouldn't fill out the average messenger boy's uniform; George Stretch, thirteen years old; the Burden brothers, Willie and Frank, aged ten and fifteen; Willie Green, a round-faced little chap, who left a good home for the freight car, and Ralph Benedict, the leader.

While they were waiting for the train to start, Ralph pictured the beauties of the Golden Gate.

Not so awful jolly.

"We'll have a glorious time," he said, and just then a brakeman came along and closed the box car door. That darkened the car. There was even a bit of moonlight shining through a crack. The boys hadn't counted on that kind of adventure. They could hear two men on the outside talking.

"It will teach them a lesson," said one of the men.

"That's right," said the other. "We'll just let 'em be there. By the time they get to Kansas maybe they'll be tired stealing a ride."

"Oh, please let us out; we'll never do it again," cried a piping voice, but the railroad men didn't listen. The train started. It was a slow freight, and was not equipped with air brakes. The jolting was a good appetizer, but the boys had forgotten all about bringing a lunch. They hadn't even had breakfast. In fact, everything was unsatisfactory, for they were not even seeing the scenery that Benedict had said was great.

Finally, in desperation, a proposition to break out of the car was made. An effort to do so was made, but the builder had done a good job of it. The boys were in that car. Ralph Benedict then recollected that he had a penknife in his pocket, and he determined to cut his way out. He is an original little chap, and he hit on an original idea. He whittled a hole just back of the lock in the car door, and after an hour's work had a place big enough to get his hand through. Then he reached out, lifted the bolt that held the latch, and opened the door.

The train was then pulling into a town that the boys believe was Easton, Pa. It was getting dusk. The young travelers thought it must be Saturday night. As a matter of fact, it was Tuesday, and they had been prisoners for about twelve hours.

Escape at Last.

When the speed of the train slackened the juvenile travellers jumped out and canvassed the neighborhood for something to eat. About 7 o'clock they boarded another train that they thought would land them in Jersey City. It took them to Perth Amboy instead. From there they went to South Plainfield, and then to Waverly. It was late Wednesday evening when they got to Waverly. There wasn't a train in sight.

"Let's walk," said one of the lads.

"Let's," echoed the others, and they started.

From Waverly to Jersey City it is eight miles by the railroad tracks. The seven young Americans trudged over the ties the entire distance, and they all got in for breakfast.

The police kept an eye on some of the boys yesterday, and took one or two of them home, but that was unnecessary. Police couldn't drive the youngsters out of the city now.

**BOY BANDITS CAPTURED.**

Members of a Gang Operating Near Wilkes-Barre Came to Grief—One Youth Makes a Clean Breast.

Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Dec. 10.—A band of youthful highwaymen, who have been terrorizing the lower end of the county, was broken up to-day by the arrest of six of its most active members—Joseph Barick, aged twelve years; Thomas Boyle, aged thirteen; Dennis Boyle, aged sixteen; Hugh McDyer, aged fifteen; James Fox, aged seventeen; Daniel McGee, aged twelve. The capture of this remarkable band was effected by Detective Sewall. The boys were all taken direct from the breaker in which they worked, and, begrimed with coal dust, were marched before Alderman Lambach for a hearing, during which their records of daring were made public.

For some time reports of highway robberies have been made, and suspicion pointed to the boys. Adams Robinson, a pedler, was stopped on the road near Jeddo yesterday by boys and robbed. He recognized McDyer as one of the robbers. This led to the arrest of the gang.

The McGee boy made a clean breast of his connection with the gang. He told how on Monday they waylaid, beat and robbed Lewis Rockmaker, another pedler. They sliced his mouth with clinders and left him unconscious on the trolley track. Rockmaker's condition is critical. Another hearing will be given the boys to-morrow.



Johnny, who Threw Stones



## STRICKEN BLIND AT THREE YEARS.

Edna Goodfellow Was Looking for a Doll When the Light Went Out.

"It's All Dark; Me Tan't See," She Cried, and Stood in Sunshine.

Doctors Puzzled by the Strange Malady, but Ascribe It to a Clot Caused by a Fall.

SHE CRIES IN AGONY FOR LIGHT.

Cannot Understand the Blackness from Which Specialists Fear They Have Not the Skill to Free Her.

A sudden curtain of absolute darkness fell without a moment's warning upon the eyes of little Edna Goodfellow. She is only three years old, and the blindness which has so unexpectedly overtaken her is strange and terrible to her.

Edna's father is John A. Goodfellow, a baggage master for the Erie Railroad, and the family live in a pretty home in Port Jervis. Her mother sent Edna into the drawing room on Sunday morning to find somewhere in the room a new doll her papa had bought the night before.

She skipped into the room, filled with joy. A moment later Mrs. Goodfellow heard the little one crying.

"It's all dark. Me tan't see," wailed Edna. Mrs. Goodfellow thought the shades of the window had not been raised. But when she crossed the threshold, she saw the little one standing in sunlight, but groping uncertainly as though in total darkness.

The mother was at first inclined to think the baby was pretending, but a glance into the weeping and troubled face, the eyes wide open, but unseeing, chilled her with horror.

Mrs. Goodfellow clutched the child to her breast and cried: "Look at me, look at me, dear!"

Edna shook her head, tearful and wondering. "Me tan't see," she whimpered. "It's all dark."

The family physician, Dr. Leary, was summoned. He inquired into the probable cause and learned that the child had fallen the preceding day and struck on the back of her head on the paving stones. She had not seemed to be very much hurt at the time and did not even cry when her mother raised and comforted her.

Dr. Leary advised a thorough examination by specialists in eye diseases in this city, and the Goodfellow brought the child on Wednesday to the Manhattan Eye and Ear Hospital. A careful examination was made by the specialists, and the doctors decided that the injury was caused primarily by meninges and they ordered a treatment of large doses of iodide of potassium and complete rest in bed. The consensus of opinion in the clinic was that the optic nerve had been irreparably injured.

After the consultation doctors and the parents tried to explain to the little one the nature of her loss, but she could not understand the situation at all, and is constantly in an agony of impatience for the light again. Her parents fear the strain may exhaust the child's strength and affect her mentally.

It is a very perplexing case to the surgeons, and one who discussed it said that without antecedent conditions the fall the child received on Saturday night had produced the condition which caused the blindness through a hemorrhage in the brain and a resultant pressure on the optic nerves. There is a possibility of recovery dependent on the correctness of his theory and the absorption of the blood clot.

**STABBED IN SELF-DEFENCE.**

Boy Who Slashed Another's Cheek with a Penknife Allowed to Go Free.

Joseph Chobotzky, fourteen years old, of No. 1150 Third avenue, was arraigned in Yorkville Court yesterday on a charge of having stabbed Samuel Rothkugel, thirteen years old, of No. 329 East Sixty-ninth street, in the cheek, on Wednesday.

The boys attend school on East Sixty-ninth street, between First and Second avenues. Wednesday afternoon when Chobotzky and Rothkugel were met together, they followed Chobotzky. At Sixty-ninth street and Second avenue, they attacked Chobotzky, who pulled out a penknife and stabbed Rothkugel in the right cheek, making a wound two inches long. The other boy took the knife away from Chobotzky, who then ran home.

Magistrate Crane discharged Chobotzky, the boy having used the knife in self-defence.

**TRUANTS HAULED TO COURT.**

One Escaped on His Mother's Plea, Another Was Punished.

Mrs. Mary E. Alger, of No. 9 West Sixty-fourth street, the truant officer, had several parents and their children in Yorkville Court yesterday to have them explain why their children were not attending school.

One of the parents was Mrs. Kate Bridgman, of No. 428 West Fifty-fifth street, whose nine-year-old son Peter did not go to school. Mrs. Alger told Magistrate Crane Mrs. Bridgman was insane.

Mrs. Bridgman said her husband was a sailor and had just come back from a long voyage. Her son was being well lately, but she promised to send him to school in the future. On this promise she was discharged.

Cassidy Cassida, ten years old, was sent to the Juvenile Asylum on Mrs. Alger's complaint, as in addition to being a truant from school he had lied to his parents and stolen from them.

**A VALUABLE TIP.**

The great Christmas edition of the Journal will be out next Sunday. It has taken weeks to prepare this magnificent paper, so that who the first edition is exhausted a second is out of the question.

Order it to-day, or by to-morrow at the latest, or you may be left mending your lack of foresight.

## GANG OF YOUNG THIEVES.

Little Harry McGuire and Peter Lynch Accuse Their Leaders in Court.

PREYED ON HARLEM SHOPKEEPERS.

"He's de leader o' de gang," said little Harry McGuire, in the Harlem Police Court, yesterday.

"He put up de jobs an' we does most of 'em," young Peter Lynch declared.

Both boys pointed to John Lenehan, a prisoner like themselves, and Lenehan scowled at them. Lenehan is sixteen years old, and lives at No. 1927 Second avenue. Policeman Brown, of the East Eighty-eighth Street Station, arrested him on Wednesday night. The youthful burglar had broken open, with a jimmy, a chewing gum slot machine before Leo Pillock's cigar store, No. 1387 Third avenue. He was pocketing the pennies when Brown caught him.

Henry McGuire is twelve years old; Peter Lynch is thirteen, and both live in Harlem. Detectives Moore and Hannan, of the East One Hundred and Fourth Street Station, arrested them for robbing Mrs. Ella Braunstein's candy shop on Third avenue on Tuesday night. They and some other boys pretended to want candy, and stole pocket-knives from the shop case. When Mrs. Braunstein saw John Lenehan in court, she exclaimed:

"That's the big fellow who was with these boys! That's the boy who stole the knives!"

Then McGuire and Lynch confessed. The police have long suspected the existence of a gang of small thieves who preyed on the shopkeepers of upper Third avenue. They think Lenehan really is "de leader o' de gang."

McGuire and Peter Lynch were held for examination, and committed to the care of the Gerry Society.

**HEMLOCK PARTS FRIENDS.**

Plank Fence Twenty-Five Feet High Erected Because One Man's Boy Threw a Stone at Another Man's Son.

Yonkers, N. Y., Dec. 10.—Until a few weeks ago the families of Thomas J. Callan, agent for the Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Company, and Michael Harding lived on the best of neighborly terms in Downing street.

Callan owns the house No. 125, and Mr. Harding resides on the first floor of an apartment house at No. 127. A low, ornamental picket fence divided the two lots.

Joanette Harding, who was recently put in trousers, will be an actor some day, for he is constantly imitating Jefferson De Angelis, who lives in the vicinity. He is charged with having thrown a stone with deadly intent at Joanne Callan the day before Thanksgiving.

Mr. Callan went before City Judge Kellogg and obtained a warrant for the arrest of the infant Harding. When the case was called the offending youngster, hidden beneath the skirts of his disrespected mother, pecked forth, and the Judge cried: "That child throw a stone? Take him home!"

Mr. Callan called on Carpenter Brady and ordered a plank fence, twenty-five feet high, between the Callan and Harding homes.

The fence is up and it shuts out the light of day from the Callan residence, but takes no sun from the Hardings. Mr. Callan would not relent, but proposed that Harding apologize. Then the fence comes down," he said.

"Nay," exclaimed Mr. Harding, and the fence stands.

"I don't want no apology," said Mr. Callan. "If other people want it they can have it."

## GETS HIS SEAT.

Ambitious Little Boy Befriended by the Journal.

Lawrence Dinkel-spell is ten years old.

When he was six years old his mother took him to Grammar School No. 80, which is at Lexington avenue and Ninety-sixth street, near the home of the family. In October of this year the family moved to No. 1813 Lexington avenue, and Lawrence who had climbed in four years through the six primary grades and into the seventh grammar grade, had to give up his school.

When the Dinkelspells decided to move into a better house they had no doubt that the boy would be able to get into another school in the vicinity of their new home. On October 21 Mrs. Dinkelspell took him to the school on One Hundred and Tenth street, between Second and Third avenues.

There was no room for him in the seventh grade, nor in the eighth. There were forty-one boys on the excluded list when Lawrence's name was registered.

His mother then took him to the school on One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

## To the Ed of the New York Journal

I am ten years old and am very anxious to get an education in one of your public schools. I have been living in Harlem for the past six months and ever since then have tried week after week to get a place in one of your public schools but all my applications met with the same answer that there was no room now. I am an average good boy and if you could not let me in any way what I could do to get placed in one of your schools you would favor me very much.

Please Mr. Ed kindly advise me what to do through the columns of your paper.

Very truly yours,  
L. Dinkel-spell  
1813 Lexington Ave.  
N. Y.

## HE LOST A YEAR

Lack of School Room Sets Him Back in Studies.

between Second and Third avenues, where he was placed in the eighth grammar grade for half a day, but the school was too crowded, the principal found, and Lawrence had to give up his seat.

After that the boy applied every Tuesday and Thursday to the school at One Hundred and Tenth street, and was always refused admission to either the seventh or eighth grade. Yesterday he was admitted to the eighth grade.

He had written to the Journal, and the district attendance officer had made an investigation. He found a vacancy or made one. It did not matter which. The point that does matter is that Lawrence, who wants to learn, is at last provided with an opportunity.

He had to go back one grade, however. He is in the eighth, although he had achieved the seventh in the Ninety-sixth street school, and had been promoted to the sixth in February. He has lost nearly a year in gaining because of the overcrowding of the schools.

## BOGUS YELLOW KID JAILED.

Gilbert Simpson, a Mulatto Boy, of Brooklyn, Plays the Role.

HE IS HELD FOR THE TRUANT'S HOME.

Clad in a sweater of bright saffron hue, Gilbert Simpson played the role of "The Yellow Kid of Chinatown" in Mott and Doyers streets until arrested by Agents King and Murray of the Gerry Society.

Gilbert is an eleven-year-old mulatto boy, living at No. 1846 Sixteenth street, Brooklyn, but he has left home four times to pose as the "Yellow Kid of Chinatown."

In the Centre Street Police Court yesterday morning the Gerry agents asked Magistrate Flannery to remand the boy to the society in order that he may be taken before a Brooklyn court and remanded to the Truants' Home in that city. The request was granted.

Gilbert lives with his aunt in Brooklyn, but the "yellow kid" fever was too strong to allow him to enjoy the comforts of a home. His yellow garment and the general likeness he bore to the published portraits gave Simpson his name and made him an actor of all the other kids in Chinatown. So much has been made of the little mulatto boy that he really imagined himself the original "yellow kid" and was gaining fame if not riches on the strength of it.

Gilbert was carrying home a package for one of his Chinese friends when Agent King overhauled him. King had taken the boy off the streets on previous occasions and saved him from some public institution on promises of better behavior, but Gilbert is doomed this time, and Chinatown will lose a favorite actor of the Holy Name Society of Washington, D. C., and his mother is a domestic in this city.

**CACHUCA PLEASED THEM.**

Except St. Michael's Older Members, All Admired Daisy McGuinness's Dancing.

The good people of St. Michael's Church have had the happiness to see the cachuca and the bolero. "Crawford's Claim," a three-act drama, was presented by the amateur actors of the Holy Name Society of the church. Between the acts of the drama Miss Daisy McGuinness danced in the style that Caruandina illustrated with so much grace.

"Click, click," Miss Daisy's costumes sounded and she skipped about the stage with an abandon that did not altogether please the older women who saw her. Her swaying skirts, her little movements, the way in which she kept step greatly delighted most of those in the audience, and she was loudly applauded.

**CHRISTMAS TREES SCARCE.**

Importation Small This Year and Prices Will Rule High.

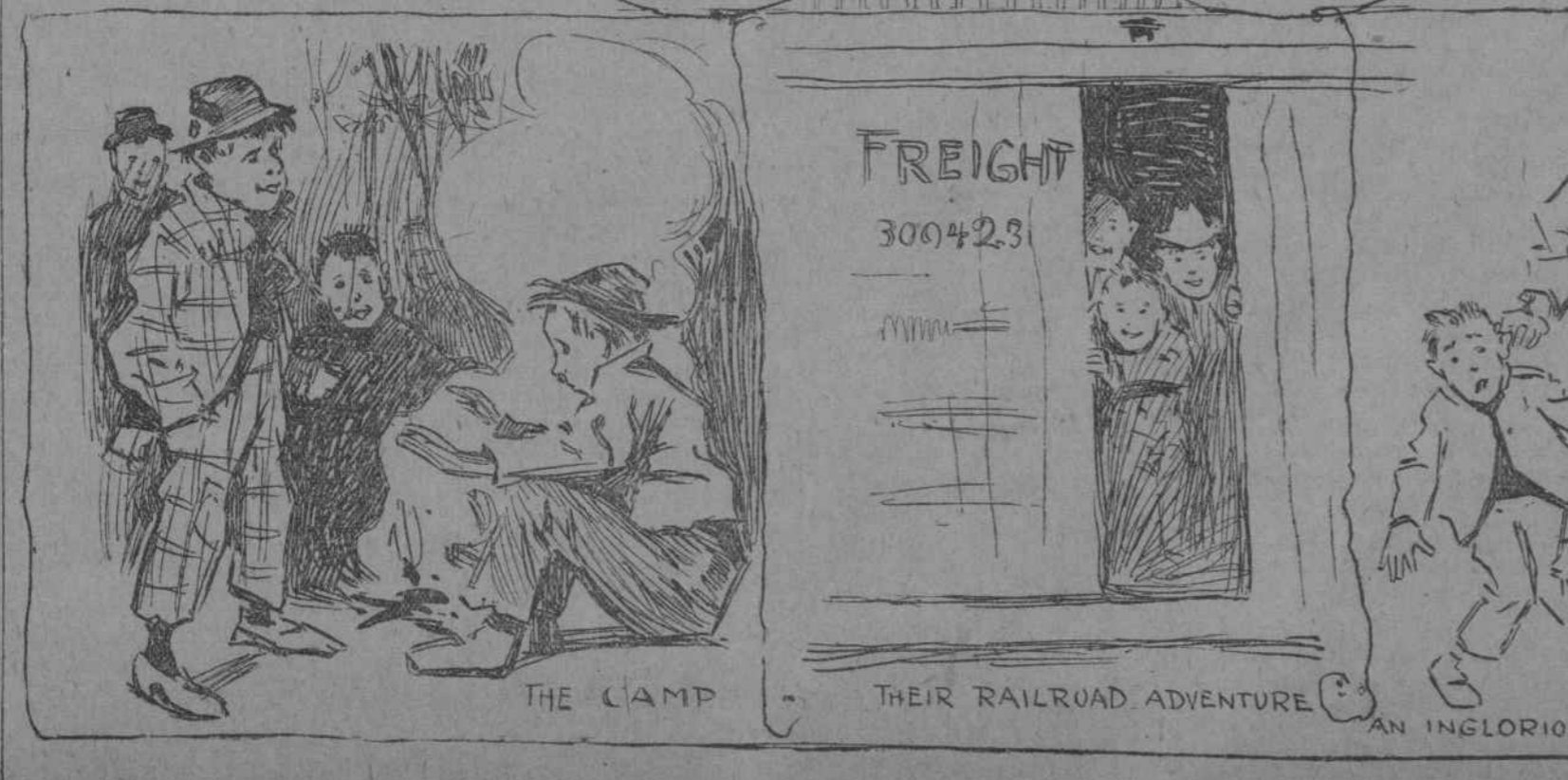
Two hundred thousand Christmas trees are piled along West street from Harrison street north for several blocks. The trees are nearly all from Maine, and have arrived in the city in the past few days.

The importation of trees this year is 25 per cent less than for several years back, and the price at wholesale and retail is considerably higher. Last year trees, four in a bundle, sold for 50 cents a bundle; this year they are worth 65 cents a bundle in lots of twenty or more bundles to wholesale buyers and 75 cents to retailers. This season there is a shortage of trees, and a tree could be had in the city. This season there is a shortage of trees, and a tree could be had in the city.

Prices to retailers will be considerably higher and trees large enough for festivals and school celebrations will bring from \$8 to \$10, as compared with from \$3 to \$7 last year. The trees this year are smaller than for several years and will not average more than five years in growth.



EDNA GOODFELLOW.



FREIGHT  
300423

THE CAMP THEIR RAILROAD ADVENTURE AN INGLORIOUS HOMECOMING



Johann who Slipped on a Piece of Soap